

Barnaby Brittle.

A favourite Song, introduced in that Entertainment.

Sung by Mr. Collins, at the Salisbury Theatre.

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ZOOKS! that an old man can't keep a chicken;
A chicken, a chicken—can't keep a chicken,
A snag tit-bit for his own private picking,
And means of redress no statute allows.
Zooks that an old man, &c.

But a Rake, a fly beast of prey, will be
Watching, watching, watching, watching;
New mischiefs inventing, new artifice hatching,
Of his white-legg'd dainty the owner to chouse.
But a Rake, &c.

Are there no means in his art to out-trick him?
Trick him, trick him, trick him, trick him?
Are there no means in his art to out-trick him?
Traps and guns shall be planted to nick him,
Nick him, nick him, nick him, nick him;
Traps and guns shall be planted to nick him
On every floor and each stair in my house.
But a Rake, &c.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.

